THE
NEW YORK LEDGER
DEVOTED TO LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS COMMERCE

VOL. XXVIII. ROBERT BONNER, COR. OF WILLIAM AND SPRUCE STS. SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1872. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. NO. 22.

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THE CHILDREN'S LOVE.

BY CALEB DUNN.

Grandmother sits in the flower-bound porch,
As the twilight falls on the hill;
There's a beautiful smile on her beautiful face
As she looks at the golden sky;
The sun drops low in the luminous west,
And the birds are bidding themselves to rest.

Her hair is white as the whitest down,
And wrinkles are on her brow;
Her step is feeble, her eye is dim,
And her fast-breathing voice is low;
But love still lives in her kindly heart,
And tender gems as the years depart.

Little ones gather around her chair,
And look up into her eyes,
And list to the words which grandmother speaks,
As she tells of the days gone by,
And kisses of love on her age-worn cheek
The children's affectionate lip bestowed.

Grandmother talks of the lofty age,
Of the time when she was young,
Of the old and dear by the wayside made,
Where many a time she roamed,
Of the flowers that grew on the fresh green sod,
And the breath of flowers when on the breeze.

Many a chapter of life she reads,
As the little ones fondly list,
And her loving eyes are sometimes seen
Through a bright and tearful mist;
As she speaks of the loved who have gone before,
And wait her coming on the heavenly shore.

Grandmother's days are almost past,
And she knows that they are few,
As for distant heights of the little ones
Mortly falls on her ear.
And she rises her eyes to Heaven above,
And praises Him for the children's love.

The Plot Against Hawley;
OR, THE PRISONER OF DESOLATION.

By ALON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN-HUNTER," "RED KNIFE," "THE DOUBLE DETECTIVE," "THE SEARCH," "THE CLAIRMONT BANK ROBBERY," "SHAKE'S LUCK," ETC.

CHAPTER III.
THE HUSBAND.

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Another event of the facilities afforded by his position, Capt. Pedder had indeed found the means of communication opened to him, and under circumstances that threatened to baffle the vengeance of Hawley.

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But the young bride, Mrs. Hawley, on the other side of the main, was accordingly supposed to all the machinations of the unprincipled death of her husband could be made the base.

What a threatening prospect was that which had thus dawned upon the young couple.

When Will at last recovered his consciousness, he found himself upon a berth on deck, in the open air, tucked well with pain, stunned in a chilly mist, and pinioned to the mainmast by cold, blustering winds.

To complete his several physical distresses, the back of his head ached as if it would burst asunder.

Carrying his hand thither, he encountered a wound which was a compound of bruise and cut, and discovered by the blood and hair encrusting it his hair and upon his person and garments.

His lower limbs were numb, as Dreeling had mentioned.

Struggling to a sitting posture, the hapless man endeavored to look about him.

It was a vain effort, however.

He could not see the length of his arm.

Around him was a dense fog, which in twenty minutes, as reported by Dreeling to Pedder, had become impenetrable more than an hour.

During this time the dull, dismal afternoon had ended, and a still gloomier night had set in.

Utter blackness was upon everything, for there was neither light nor fire; utter dumbness, for there was neither sound nor movement.

Along the rock-bound shores, to be sure, could have been heard the hollow washing of the waves; along the beaches, also, the wild sea-fowl screamed and screeched, but in-land,—whither Will had been taken while insensible,—and the hills and valleys were as gigantic images had heard but the sighing of the wind, and the moaning of waters.

"Is anybody near?" ejaculated the deserted man.

And later he shouted at the remembrance.

The glimpse he had caught of Dreeling, although the glimpse of a single instant, had made upon him a most vivid impression.

"I remember now," he repeated. "There was a man with me. Where is he? Dreeling, Dreeling! Where are you? Dreeling! He's probably some sailor that I've saved from drowning. I've just undergone a series of perplexities, until he has lost his reason. He can't answer me. I'm some madman, if he'd been in his right senses he would have been glad to see me. Where can he be? Why did he attack me? And why should he have wanted me for company? I'm in some secret track of the island. He must have carried me to the other side of the gulch-cove of the Fairy Children."

Unable to discover anything with his eyes, the prisoner listened intently, but in vain, and but his hearing told him nothing.

"Where can he be, or any one of them?" he soon continued energetically. "That hideous creature, Pedder, must be one of the men in charge of the prisoner Peddist. I must be getting back to the clipper."

Feeling of the impediments upon his limbs, he assured himself that they were composed of those small barred cords for tying canvas and varied use aboard of all vessels. They were too fine cords to be broken, and too tightly knotted to untie, but he managed to loosen them a little. Then he found that he was partially able to push them forward and backward over his feet, thus rubbing himself of them altogether.

"And now where am I?" he asked himself. "And how shall I find my way back to the ship?"

He reflected a few moments earnestly, while he buttoned his coat to the collar and wrapped his aching head in a handkerchief.

"I must have been asleep," he reasoned, "even if we were the master-carry on of, and in my case Captain Pedder must have caused a prompt search to be made. For that's the course he took, and this search has failed to find me. Therefore I must have been taken to some spot into the interior of the island. And doubtless I am not very far from the ocean-shore, and can find my way to it at this moment. The best thing I can do is to make a great log and cry, and call them by my assistance."

He had no time in saying upon this thought, shouting until he was breathless and hoarse.

"Can that strange being have taken me beyond the knowledge of the men of his evil crew had died out of the hills and ravines around him, he thought, and he was left to cry long with every breath that some response might be made to him.

Nor the least response came to him, however, and after several minutes of intense listening a great load of anxiety and wonder took possession of his whole being.

"Can I be alone here?" he asked himself.

"Can that strange being have taken me beyond the knowledge of my fellow-men?" he "cried" at last.

His general alarm soon developed a particular apprehension.

"The maniac may be near me now," he thought. "He may be thinking of my life at this very moment!"

He felt for his pocket knife, the only weapon he was in the habit of carrying. Discovering that it was gone—the maniac had taken it—he felt for a stone with which to defend himself, in case of his being again attacked. A suitable stone was soon found, and then Will moved forward cautiously a few yards, recovering his footing only within a mad at full sprawl's length before him.

Soon he discovered that the rocky plane upon which he stood himself was wanting in that direction, and that he was on the edge of a cliff and forward and downward from which sloped a mixture of running water and boggy ground, to be saddle from a considerable distance below.

"Hallos!" he muttered, recoiling. "What's here?"

Securing a small pebble, he tossed it out into the empty space that interesting him.

He counted seconds, but the pebble reached the bottom of the gulch unheard.

The fact caused the investigator to recoil still farther, and as quickly as possible.

"A single step more in that direction would have been my last step," he realized. "I'm on the very edge of a precipice."

He continued his retrograde movement cautiously until he came in contact with an object behind him.

"A log!" he then ejaculated. "There's a precipice above me, then, and I must be on a rocky ledge from which I can soon neither climb nor descend in this darkness."

He drew a box of matches from his pocket, and struck several in succession, but the wind was so high, or the smoke so strong, that he could not derive any benefit from them.

"Must I stay here all night?" he cried excitedly.

The thought was so effective that he began to call again for assistance with all the force of his lungs.

"They must have missed me!" he kept saying to himself. "They must be looking for me."

Some of these must certainly be within hearing distance.

A second time he shouted himself hoarse, but as vainly as he had done the first time.

The wind and the moaning of forests succeeded to the wild echoes of his voice.

"I'll go to sleep," he finally said.

Yet he shouted again and again as soon as he was rested, and continued at intervals until he was overcome by exhaustion.

"They must be searching," he next once and again, "for I'm not dead. Possibly Pedder does not care how long I'm away, so long as I keep it up. It may be that Pedder and my other friends are nowhere in this vicinity—that they are looking for me on some other shores. It may be that the old maniac carried me to the other side of the island, for, in any case, I must stay where I am until morning, or until fair daylight overhead.

Feeling about in the emptiness of the rocky wall he had encountered, he found a level within that seemed dryer and more sheltered than the others, and stowed himself away there to sleep.

He had come ashore very scantily dressed, having put on an overcoat, but the exhaustion of the raw, damp air was such that he shortly fell asleep.

"Let's see—it's near December now," he soliloquized. "December here corresponds to August on the other side of the equator. It's a great joke, and cry, and call them by my assistance."

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He reflected a few moments earnestly, while he buttoned his coat to the collar and wrapped his aching head in a handkerchief.

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ed in her throat, as she looked alternately at her landlady and at the newspaper she had drawn from her pocket.

"I would not show it to you before breakfast," added Mrs. Piper. "But now I will read it to!"

"Arrived, *ship Firefly Children*, from Melbourne."

"That's all over, but I was afraid it would spoil your breakfast."

The cries, the smiles, the thrilled delight with which Mrs. Hawley listened to these few words can be best imagined—especially by one lady readers.

"Oh, let me see that paper!" she finally articulated, catching her breath.

Mrs. Piper placed the line in question under the eyes of Mrs. Hawley, who read it aloud.

"Why, it's true!" she cried, when she had exclaimed, in a very ecstasy of joy. "My husband is here!"

She kissed the paper fervently, and then caught and kissed Mrs. Piper.

"You good, blessed child!" said the latter, wiping her eyes vigorously. "What a joy has at last come to you, after all your poor brethren and waiting!"

"Such a joy for my husband and I!" exclaimed the young wife, as she hid her face against Mrs. Piper's capacious shoulder.

How happy will astonish him when he finds it! and I! Was any one ever so happy? Oh, how good Heaven is to me! But is it not time that her husband were here?"

"Why, yes, I should think he have been delayed in quarantine—or have compelled to wait for a tug to bring her up to the city. There are many dangers of thickhed in making port, you know, and we must not be long. But I suppose you are to know that Mr. Hawley will be here at the earliest possible moment."

She was interrupted by the ringing of the door bell.

Mrs. Hawley rose and stood at the ship of pasteboard.

"Her Jacob Moody," she read aloud, "and no is disappointed! I was fully expecting Will, to come flying up here. Time takes at a premium."

"His reverend gentleman, then—"

"In a perfect ecstasy, I never saw him, or even heard of him until this moment."

"Well, I have, I think," said Mrs. Piper facetiously, looking at the card again. "He's a prominent clergyman of St. Louis. Somehow is his address in fine print at the bottom of the card. He is the very man, I think. Helen is a member of his church. She is always talking about him. I am sure you will be delighted to meet a really superior leave of essence—I forget just how it was—some months ago."

"In this case, he may be here to see you. Your mister may be detained, and then to you, with a view to his making his home with you. Is he married?"

"It is now I confess that I am not sure. I know that he asked for me. He came over the whole range. Mr. William Hawley! And he must be—"

"Here comes my husband!" interrupted the young wife, seating herself wearily.

"Not at all, I am sure," said Mrs. Piper, forced to laugh. "It is your stairs, though, so do not be so sure of your husband's arrival."

"Oh, no! I distinctly heard the stopping of the bell. Please see him for me—if he will kindly excuse me."

"Very well. Compose yourself, dear. You look very much as if you needed a little recovery time of his arrival."

She went out into the hall again closing the door behind her, and quickly descended the stairs to the parlor, still holding to her hand the visitor's card.

The reverend gentleman was still standing in the middle of the room, his hat in his left hand, and it is doubtful if he had heard the invitation to be seated he had given him, or if he had seen the chair placed for his service. The truth was, Mr. Moody was sorely troubled. His honest face was clouded with a look of positive distress. But otherwise he looked every inch a man of God, as indeed he was by association, on the day when we first made his acquaintance.

"You will excuse Mrs. Hawley, sir, if you please," said Mrs. Piper. "She is not well enough this morning to receive company."

The trouble of the reverend gentleman increased at this announcement. He twisted his hat about in his hands.

"I am sorry you will excuse me, sir, if I continue to ask you a question," continued Mrs. Piper. "Are you not the Rev. Mr. Moody of whom my sister has so often spoken in her letters?"

Mr. Moody moved spasmodically, as drowning man might turn toward a life-boat for help.

"Your sister?" he exclaimed.

"Mrs. Helen Holmwood of St. Louis—"

The rigid lines of Mr. Moody's countenance broken up as if by magic.

"Are you Mrs. Holmwood's sister?" he asked, with a quick, pleasurable interest.

"I am, sir."

"Why, then you are Mrs. Piper!"

"Whom you know my name, sir?"

"As you see, Mrs. Piper, for I am the very Mr. Moody of whom your good sister has spoken."

He extended his hand, which Mrs. Piper grasped with a hearty shake.

"The truth is, Mrs. Piper," the reverend gentleman hastened to say, "your sister has spoken of you to me quite as often, perhaps, as she has spoken of her to you. Hence I feel well acquainted with you already, and am truly delighted to make your personal acquaintance."

"I reciprocate the pleasure cordially," murmured Mrs. Piper. "But please be seated, sir."

The visitor sank mechanically into the chair advanced toward him, and his look of preoccupation and trouble he had before worn came slowly back to his features.

And now another question for you, dear reader, and for me, is, Have you fully understood you might a few pages back? Did you really ask for Mrs. Hawley?

"I will, Mrs. Piper, for Mrs. William Hawley, whose husband sailed for Australia several months since, as first officer of the ship Children. I am not mistaken in her identity, I believe? And Mrs. Hawley is the one I am pursuit?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly. But Mrs. Hawley is not visible to-day—she is her most intimate friends. She has a beautiful boy, who is only seven times years old, and the very images of his father."

"Indeed, Mrs. Piper?"

"But I have been told to see a mother since her husband's departure," answered Mrs. Piper. "If this gentleman can, therefore, be receive for her any communication you may have to make to her—"

"It is well so; it is even better for me to break the news to you first, my dear Mrs. Piper," interrupted Mr. Moody, speaking rapidly, as one who plunges into a painful subject.

"Break the news?" repeated Mrs. Piper, with astare. "You have some message then—

"I regret to say that I am here as a bearer of evil tidings, Mrs. Piper," said Mr. Moody hurriedly. "Captain Fodder has charged me with the melancholy duty—"

Mrs. Piper made such a startled movement that the reverend gentleman paused, interrupted. She knew bad news for Mrs. Hawley, then. Was she breathed, turning pale suddenly. Mr. Moody nodded.

"Bad news concerning her husband, perhaps?"

The gentleman nodded again.

The motherly face of Mrs. Piper became as rigid and pallid as if death had set its seal upon it.

"A terrible fate seizes me!" she murmured, in a voice scarcely above a whisper. "Oh, that poor young wife! Mr. Moody, tell me, has anything has happened to her husband, the brave lad of the life—both of one word, I never saw such love as theirs. And only but, they had, and to separate—parting only ten or twelve days before Mr. Hawley turn himself away from his poor wife to sail upon that long voyage to Australia—

Mr. Moody bowed his head over his side interrupted her. She looked up—agonized, appealing.

"He cannot—he shall be! He faltered.

"It is terrible."

"Mr. Hawley, then?"

"Mr. Hawley is dead."

The face of Mrs. Piper seemed to be freezing. Her eyes were set and stony. Words came from her lips.

"Was he washed overboard in the port of Melbourne?" she demanded. Mr. Moody shook his head. "Was he struck down by disease, on the island of Desolation. The Children had called there, I believe, and the sailors were filling the casks, Mr. Hawley proposed to Captain Fodder that he should go ashore with them, and the latter consented on condition to both that he should not be absent more than two hours. Mr. Hawley consented to the terms. The ten of this cliff overhangs the sea, and the sailors, in gathering fresh water, found Fodder warned Mr. Hawley not to go too near, and advised him to keep away from it. Unfortunately, just as we were looking at Mr. Hawley, he was standing on the very edge of the cliff, and was unable to save him. He was instantly precipitated, with a thundering crash, and we reached the cliff only in time to see his lifeless coming up from the depths where he had disappeared forever. We did not even have the melancholy satisfaction of finding his remains."

Mrs. Piper had listened to these words like one turned to stone. Her face, her attitude, there came a low sigh upon the dreadful silence that followed Mr. Moody's last words.

"Say I interrupt you a moment, Mrs. Piper?" asked a sweet, soothing voice.

It was Helen Holmwood, who had entered the room during the last few moments.

"Oh, my dear sister!" cried the young wife of Mr. Hawley, as she arose and hastened to the clergyman. "I just now recollected that I had forgot to tell you that Mr. Moody is a passengers of the *Children*, and it instantly occurred to me that he might be the very gentleman. Are you one, sir?"

Mr. Moody gravely hesitated a moment before he replied.

"I am that same Mr. Moody," he then said. "I am sorry to say that I am the bearer of sad and startled, of course, and I could not help seeing from the window that you, Mrs. Quilles," went on the young wife, with the most pleasant of smiles, "that you, too, had returned to New York in the *Children*, I was about to—"

"Oh, my dear sister!" cried Mrs. Piper.

"And you came here to see me? You intended to call on Mr. William Hawley?"

Grave signs of assent.

"Is you bring a letter from my husband, my very message—"

"I have not a message, my dear Madam," said Mr. Moody, in a voice of pity. "But I am vanting toward the young wife with a look of the deepest sympathy on his benevolent features.

"Oh! I understand," came from the softbody blanched lips of Mrs. Hawley. "My husband is dead!"

Mr. Moody bowed his head in token of assent.

A glance at the white face before them told Mrs. Piper that the terrible intelligence had come. They received the intimation from it in silence.

(*To be continued.*)

THE HUSBAND'S ORDEAL.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Oh, why wasn't I created a man?"

Mrs. Hawley looked out of the window, one cheek leaning on her hand, her blue eyes gazing wistfully down the street, where the sunsets and verbenas into the tips of the grass, and the birds sang in the trees that had leaved, rather pale, and with light brown hair, which curled in little rings all over her head. Her honest face was clouded with a look of positive distress. But otherwise its lookout was that of a girl of twenty-two years of age, as indeed on the day when we first made her acquaintance.

"You will come, Mrs. Hawley, or

THE HORSES I RIDE.

BY GRACE H. HOSE.

I've horses to ride, sir, so well as my friends;
In addition I own three fine carriage steeds;
But my favorite roadster, some check-reined; some with bits, and some not.
And as from my friends not a fact I will hide,
Sometimes my horse leads, and sometimes I'm led.

First Honesty comes, with his clear, steady eye;
Would I for his bridle—not graceful, but sound!
I give him the reins, and sit slacken and thumped
A way o'er a terrible rough, rugged road;
But still I'm content, for I plainly can see
His heritage, sir, of feet, for they never have I'd be.
But Oh, you should see me when mounted on Conceit!

Just touch her arched neck and her soft flowing mane;
Her nostrils dilating—and look at my pride!
What carer or whatcheck can be harder restraint?
O, well, I confess that I'm prone—but that's all—
When stimulated on Pride there's a chance of a fall.

Humility 's next—such a slow, quiet nag;
She ambles away at a very slow pace.
'Tis not always pleasant to get ahead of her;
She never would try for the cup in a race.
You're safe, that's the best, for whatever you should ride
Is one of persons think she is worth more than Beauty.

And now I will show you an unerring horse,
Who's not an exhausting one, and will stay during out;
He's sound, but won't do for a journey all through:
He needs both the spur and check-rein: his name is Duty.

A curious thing, sir, he is, when you ride.
He has a liberality—favorite and best!
All steppin' after him seem to go from the west.

Away from the sorrows and cares which oppress
Away to the soft, glowing valley of Delight!
Where Love will dismount me, and Love will undress!
Our very thoughts, at once will be one!

Then Fashion is next; she's Frivolity's foal:
I forget her name—she's a mixture of all!
But here comes my fast-trotting horse, little Hope—

So handsome, yet carries the heaviest loads.
On her back I've lost love of my friends,
So smoothly you're borne o'er the roughest of roads.

The oddest restraint upon her you'll see;
The thing to remember is—how you sit!

Ah, this is my favorite—I'll own it at once!
She goes at a gait that is easy and free:
Such steps, gentle ones, and a movement most cute;
She's willing and kind, and is named—Charity!
I've owned her for years, and I'll own
I've overcome tiredness on every one.

The last on my list is a pleasure to ride by still;
He knows so well by my motions what I desire.
He needs a slight check—but a spur—no, no, no!
If required at all, he'll be a spur to the rest.
But what a magnificent team you can see
When Will is harness with Charity!

A BONE of CONTENTION;
or, The Waldemar Succession.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE HAMPTON MYSTERY," "THE RATHBYN KNOT," "THE MERRIAM WILL," "THE DAUGHTER," "THE OLD LIFE'S SHADOW," "LIBERTY HALL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

HONOR AND DARBEL MOORE.

Honor Gilliat, in the shaded parlor, continue to call the young Baronet, notwithstanding the fact that she was now a married woman, by his former name, was in no state of mind to return immediately to Mrs. Gilliat and Miss Milnot. She prying eyes of Mrs. Gilliat and Miss Milnot, from the window, had seen the young man and his bride hurried away in a carriage, and, as there was no a tumult, her soul seemed on the rack. She hurried out on the piazza, eager to get within distance between herself and the chapel in which her ill-considered project as Darcel Moor had taken place, yet not seeing any one whom she cared, nor knowing exactly what to do.

Her faithful maid hurried after her, half running to keep up with her, and terrified and oppressed, yet greatly curious, and eager to know her mistress, as if fearing pursuit.

Honor Gilliat, with a wave of the fair fingers of her young mistress flagged a cab, and the slender figure began to droop wearily. "Dear Miss Honor! Let me call a cab. It is time for you home."

Honor half turned her head. She had drawn her tiny dotted veil over her face, but Lucky could see that her pale face was white as death, and that her black eyes were bloodshot with weeping.

"I—I cannot go home yet, Lucky," said Honor, in a faint, gasping voice. "I am ill. I am sick—I—I am tired."

The maid, with a wise look, drew her fashionably attired young mistress from the chapel. A few steps from them, as Honor Gilliat came to a half halt, was a quiet cook's shop, with a little parlor in the rear fitted up with tables for the use of customers. Here tea and coffee and light refreshments were served to every lady customer who entered, and had visited the place several times in company with Miss Gilliat and Miss Milnot. Her glance caught the little gilt sign now, and she said eagerly to her maid, and seemed to be already following:

Lucky, who had expected at the moment to turn—or indeed, to have already passed into the little rear parlor, which was frequented and monopolized by the upper servants—was cast down at a small table in the farthest corner, by a waiter who was in the act with pause of grand gloss. The maid, in compliance with Honor's request, and to save any further parleying, followed.

A shop-girl came in and denied to know to what the lady would be served. Lucky, with a look of scorn, ordered tea and refreshments, coffee for two. It was brought; the shop-girl returned, and Honor and her maid were alone, and Honor and her companion were left to themselves in the little dim, still parlor.

Lucky poured a cup of tea, and handed it to Miss Gilliat, entreating her to drink, but Honor had her face upon the table and was in the act that which certainly the dead fell upon her. The maid was weak and frightened, and deeply seized in her seat, and presently began to cry herself.

"Oh, Honor!" she whispered, her alarm increasing with every moment, "you will break your heart! Oh, what will kill you. How you loved Mr. Moor!"

Honor raised her head presently—and shook it slowly, as she said, in a piteous voice:—

"No, Lucky, I did not love him, and I trusted him, believed in him, and—and I liked him. But I did not love him."

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed the maid. "If you had, poor Miss Honor, I don't know how you'd be to-day. Oh, I'm glad you're not heart-broken over him. He wasn't worthy of it, Honor, and he wouldn't be so easy to marry the great Lord, after his heiress. Do you feel better, Honor?" and the girl's voice sank to a scared whisper. "do you believe he will kill you?"

"People do not kill those whom they hate in Mr. Moor's rank in life," answered Honor in vanity, and with terrible bitterness. "she'll think he might kill me. He is quite capable of so doing, I believe, only he might be organized by cowardice. This has been a bad morning's work, Lucky, and I feel in my soul that this marriage is but the gateway through which I have entered upon an endless trouble."

"What shall you do, Miss Honor?" asked the maid, looking at her mistress timidly. "You are legally Mr. Moor's wife, and he will not permit me to offer you a suggestion, I would say that it might be well for you to go directly to Lord Waldemar and tell him your story, and ask him to see that justice is done you."

"What could Lord Waldemar do for me?" demanded Honor, in a low, suppressed voice.

"Can he give me back my freedom that I cast from me this morning with such a heedless hand? Can he give me back my light heart—my beloved maidenhood—my gay happiness? Oh, no! He would force me to live with Mr. Moor, or, perhaps, as I am a Catholic, would not be a wife to Darcel Moor! He would force me to be a wife to Darcel Moor! I would perish with him, or I would commit suicide, sooner than Darcel Moor! I was nothing of Lord Waldemar or his nephew. Oh, if this, indeed, lawful marriage could be undone! If I were only back where I was this morning!"

"If the marriage is not acknowledged, if you never live with Mr. Moor, nor bear his name, nor accept his money, then are you legally his wife?" asked the maid.

"Yes," said Honor, with a pitiful moan. "If I never live with him, I am his wife, and am not free with. Oh, Heaven!" and Honor Gilliat trembled before the wildness in the dusky, tearless eyes, and fell to her feet. "He's cruel, but won't do for a journey all through: He needs both the spur and check-rein: his name is Duty.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Esqr., Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1872.

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Murdering to Save Money—Railroads the Instruments.

People nowadays cannot murder a relative to make, or acquire money. They kill a man for the purpose of robbing his pocket, or plundering his house, or destroying a will which would deprive them of a heritage.

Such a sordid motive is regarded as adding to the heinousness of the highest of crimes; and murder perpetrated for such a purpose upon an ensnaring is loathsomeness even the same offence when prompted by a less sordid object.

But do we not see men enjoying the respect of the community who cause the slaughter of their fellow-men for the purpose of saving at the point of the pistol, or the stiletto, or the terrible destruction of human life which takes place on railways, a wasteful waste part is attributable to a false, narrow, niggardly economy in the construction and mode of working of the roads. Heavier rails, superior materials, more reliable and better-paid men, and consequently more expensive help: these are what are needed to render travel by rail comparatively safe.

A few days ago we had the announcement on one morning of "A Railway Holocaust," in which fifteen were killed outright and "sixty-five fearfully scalded" on the Grand Trunk Railroad in Canada, and a "Terrific Collision" between two trains going at full speed," on the Pittsburg, Washington and Baltimore Railroad, by which three persons were killed, and about twenty wounded.

We pronounce the economy which results in these accidents criminal in a high degree, because it destroys human life; and we pronounce it false and miserable, because it costs more than it saves.

The mere replacement of the property destroyed cannot be made with a small outlay expenditure; then there is the liability to heavy damages to add to the sum total; and finally—what is, perhaps, most important of all, is a pecuniary view—there is the loss of confidence which must result.

We believe this last result has not received the consideration to which it is entitled from railroad men. Formerly a person would feel almost wronged by another who compelled him to danger from riding in the cars, lest it should be regarded as indicating cowardice; but nowadays one has learned to think about no every hand. Men arrange their business so as to avoid the necessity of any unnecessary exposure to this risk; and even in the pursuit of pleasure, the consideration of tourists shows that the danger of being killed or scalded or bruised on the road is one often present to their thoughts, and is a most serious drawback on the enjoyment of travel.

No precise estimate can be made of the pecuniary loss which travel or conveyance by rail, dread of accidents; but it is certainly very considerable.

We believe that railroads will be steadily rendered more and more safe, because the demand, in the public and interest, is so very strong that they should be. Men of scientific acquirements and inventive genius will devote their efforts to meeting this requirement. Rails will be made—and indeed, on most roads, they are already being made—of steel tested of iron. Cars will be constructed on improved models. Many beneficial modes of operating roads will be contrived and adopted.

It is to this public demand that we look more and more exacting of railroad management and those who are incompetent, or who are indifferent to the slaughter or the suffering caused by these constantly recurring calamities, will have to retire from their undeserved places of trust. And to promote this desirable result, in revealing the cause of culpability is clear, the condemnation should be outspoken and unsparing toward the guilty ones.

A Youthful Criminal.

We do not remember an instance of an executioner at an earlier age than nine years. That was the case of a little boy in England. But according to the accounts in the papers, there seems to have been a most murderer communicated to Wisconsin by a boy aged only seven! He induced a playmate, who had irritated him, to go to with him to the meadows, where he deliberately shot him with a pistol which he had previously obtained from his father's office. He then went home and said he had killed a rabbit. However, a person called, and heard of the tragedy by the grooms of the household of which the boy was a member, and he was found to be the child who shot him.

Another Death from Overwork.

Mr. Samuel A. Wyllie, one of the proprietors of the Lancaster (Penn.) *Intelligencer*, died recently, quite suddenly. The *Columbia Spy* says of him:

"With all the details of a largely increasing business, demanding constant attention, he frequently neglected to take the rest he so needed. He gave himself no relaxation from toil, and there is good reason for believing that he was overworked by the severe strain upon his."

How they do Things in Texas.

A sheriff in Texas having a warrant of arrest for three noted horse-thieves and desperadoes, secured the assistance of a couple of stout-hearted friends and three blood-hounds, and started to hunt down his game. The fugitives, being veterans in crime and adepts in trickery, planned to have one of their number, named Drayton, loiter on the road, in the disguise of an honest traveller, so he would be overtaken by their pursuers, and be able to throw them off the track. Drayton was overtaken, but instead of throwing the pursuers off the track, he was detected by the keen and suspicious sheriff, handcuffed, and then ordered, on pain of death, to lead the way to the rendezvous of his companions. Perplexed, but managed so that the approach of the sheriff was discovered by his comrades, who attempted to flee. The pursuers at once charged headlong upon the horse-thieves, and the blood-hounds rushing upon them also, they were overtaken, torn from their horses, and captured without much difficulty. The sheriff then set out to conduct his prisoners to jail; but the inhabitants, having no faith in the county's capacity to hold them, followed, overturned out and hung them by the road-side, after first hiring the executioner to do the operate. After a lapse of several days, the corpses were taken down and decently buried in one grave, and then the sheriff and his company came to go home.

The Cost of the Campaign.

It is estimated by some of the political managers of the country that the approaching Presidential campaign, in all its bearings and ramifications, will cost the country the round sum of millions of dollars. Forty-five millions is the sum estimated by the New Orleans *Bulletin*, and fifteen millions is the allowance made to the opposition. This seems to be a most extravagant estimate, but those who profess to understand such matters say that it usually costs a party to power about that amount to carry it as it does a party out of power to carry on a Presidential campaign. The immediate estimate includes the fight all along the national line, and all the State, Congressional and minor contests besides. It covers the entire field, and embraces the cost of "primaries," as they the outlays of the "general committees," "state" gatherings and "county" and "district" conventions, whatever and camp followers on either side be held up to the public gaze. It includes the bribes given to shovers to stake the thirsty of the political plains, and the "soft money" into a plentiful yield of votes. How long can our institutions survive such a shameless use of money?

Retirement of Sugar Refiners.

We regret to learn that Messrs. Havemeyer & Son, who for forty years have been carrying on the sugar-refining business in this city, have determined to withdraw from that business, relinquishing the occupation altogether. It is true that they are going into the banking business, and can retire with ample fortunes, but the absence of their name from the families' roll of honor means almost like a personal loss. We learn that the firm has been unable to make as much money as it wanted to other sons.

We copy the above from the *Journal of Commerce*. It is true that Messrs. Havemeyer are retirement of the Messrs. STUART was their unwillingness to adopt the new modes of conducting sugar. It is to be very candid that them. Indeed, I shall let things wriggle; lie off on my back and kick. The bold children of the world can get my eyes from off the blue ocean, which is to me a symbol of the high glory epic of a window, which I wouldn't part with for thousands of dollars. I shall be very much obliged and to have a seat there with me, any time when I am not writing. I'll even give up my favorite chair to you; and you can sit and write beside me in my pinafore while I try my new pen-holder, which is made out of a broken lucifer scholly. Or I will walk on "the sands of Dee" with you, and gather shells from the beauty of earth and sea and sky a rich man's daughter can possess. Then, when we return to morality, you can compose how poor he may really be with it all.

Many, many things can money do. It can transform the wilderness; drain the morass, cover the desert with blossoms, rear up sumptuously splendid dwellings where mud huts were before, fill them with sumptuous furniture, fill them with delicacies, fill them with flattering friends. But though money can do almost all things, it cannot make young hearts beat, or make the young. Here am I surrounded with old, old cities, huge in trunk, with vast branches, and as large as a town, decked out also, to gain some light and liberty, and yet all hoary by the mere cross. One looks up into this vast canopy as into the nave of a cathedral; yet no cathedral was ever so beautiful. What architect would dare stretch out stone as these branches do? With their enormous weight, they lie upon the air as securely light as a feathery spray. Run your eye from their summit back to the trunk. What immense leverage! Upon these huge arms winds play and storms have wrought. Out of these rude and shapeless things storms have even evoked music. All along the weather-beaten branches in green patches lies along the rugged bought, poor and weak in stalk, yet full of its own beauty, to add grace to this giant tree. It is too high for singing birds to build their nests here; even shrill jay squirrels live here, having homes in the holes of the forked trees where storms have broken off former companion boughs.

Mighty as this tree is which throws its pendent arms around me, it is not what it was once a riding whip, which when used for an hour seems exhausted by the hand. And what is held, here is it? I look anxiously upon this and can see nothing. No money can build such as these. Nature cannot be bribed to furnish such as these. While waiting for these we die! One should have ancestors. No matter about what they put in their wills, they can't put in the centuries of growth which, when we come along, shall be old and gone.

Young trees and young men are got up on the same principle. Each has a root in a tree spoon its top, and lets the sunlight clear into its very centre, does it begin to be noble. Old trees make old men; they have the same dignity. Their strength does not depart, and their beauty is not gone. Under the one I stand under them in childhood, and who sit in old age calmly beneath the other. Each has given out something of our life to the things which surround us. And trees, water-brooks, beautiful flowers, and the wide ocean are the friends of sorrow, or our great joys; and, in after years, they are the friends of our youth and manhood.

MY SECOND SUMMER IN NEWPORT.

Newport, New York, August 1 [an act of yes. It is true that I shall have to drive after flower baskets; and thence to engage grocers and milkmen and butchers, and what not, to soddering anger. It is very comfortable to lie under them in childhood, and who sit in old age calmly beneath the other. Each has given out something of our life to the things which surround us. And trees, water-brooks, beautiful flowers, and the wide ocean are the friends of sorrow, or our great joys; and, in after years, they are the friends of our youth and manhood.

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A VISIT TO THE CLERGYMAN.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

I'm only a seller, Chaplain,
And I've nothing to buy now;
And I'm cumber, my goodness, to ask you
Right to be getting to Heaven.
How to be living here?
Why, I'll put your parlour, Chaplain,
To your serious doors' nearness.

Thou thing that hast the grace o' parsley,
Fewer the words—useful word.
You survey us, you say, as a herd,
Like a twelve years' harvest I tended.
There isn't a harsher Chaplain
Under the sun, I bet;
But there's something in religion
Where'er come on, as yet.

You see, there's superfluities,
Which I'm free to confess, Sir,
But the cost of them all, Mr. Chaplain,
Is what the sailor must do.
When the sky is like sheet-lava,
In calm out to sea—and the sand anchor,
And a rain for wheel and for sail.

And it strikes me, hearing parables,
That religion, as sure may be,
Is a sort of navigation
To guide a man on to the way;
And if more and more the pilots,
Are thinking of their fees,
Some job exactly like theirs,
He'd be keen apt to fail.

There's times when men will quarrel,
There's times when women will scold;
But the sailor's rough and ready
Come to the roaring and old,
And double-reefed words don't help us,
Nor doctrinal points, even thin;
And we can't take one o' your sermons
And say just here it will fit.

And 'so' to 'one to you, Chaplain—
Why, I'm sorry to say it,
But I wind under kind of out under
Of a sermon, my card to bind.
And you have studied religion,
As I navigation, you know;
Can be no offence, I hope, Sir,
And according to these things,

Then you'll excuse my plain Bible,
In his hands so used and worn,
And a tear in his bright eye trembled
As he laid it under the light.
"Perhaps, in the pride of our learning,
Yet always the case we consult,"
He said, and opened the pages
At the "Sermon on the Mount."

THE BLACK DOCTOR;

OR, THE Prophecy of the Voodoo King.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SPANISH RULE IN LOUISIANA.

BY WILLIAM HENRY PECK,
Professor of History in the University of the State of Louisiana.

CHAPTER VII.
THE PAPER EXAMINED.

The paper contained nothing.

That is, there was nothing added within it; but still, clear and legible, could be seen written upon its smoothed side the Lord's Prayer, inscribed there in four languages by Mercida Indian hieroglyphics, Latin, Spanish and Choctaw.

Sydnax was nothing else.

"I have a wide fancy," said the pawnbroker. And then to himself, "He, he! have I not already believed that I had the audacity for me to destroy or throw away anything, no matter how valueless it may appear to be or seem? I feel in second-hand garments. See! by letting that miserable scrap of paper—more scribbled half about—remain in the old vest, I have the chance to have a hundred real pieces. Yes, very fair offer for the old vest of a dead convict. Perhaps I can get two hundred pieces, two thousand reals for it. Lord's Prayer."

"And I have lost," was the remark of the Senor, as he unfolded the paper and saw that it contained no words.

But the next instant he startled violently as he perceived that the paper was not blank, and the outer sheet of the four pieces of dirty soiled foil upon the written. "I have been a fool to destroy so valuable a piece of work as that to be found upon him."

His hands, his arms, his whole frame trembled so violently, that the lines danced into a mist, before his staring eyes.

He was there for a moment, and then he was not there. He was in the street, in a place which he had started up, and leaned his head upon the counter.

"Dishes!" thought the shabby man. "The loss of two thousand reals, and the one way of two thousand dollars did not ruffle him beyond a shrug of his shoulders, as he said, 'I have lost;' but a hundred reals that I found in that paper has made him leap up, cry out, and look like fear or surprise and say, 'I have lost altogether!' Now, what is that paper? It is something about which I know not. Prague."

"Come," thought the amazed pawnbroker, "this is strange! It is the Lord's Prayer, and yet the Senor is as much affected as I should be in having my friend's name and evidently threat upon me! As much upset as I should be were Sandoz Forez to serve me by the threat and demand the property he left in pawn with me.

"Then in his softest voice, and repeatedly touching the hand of the Senor, as it rested on the counter, with his own, the shabby man he said:

"The noble Senor is ill!" and at the same moment he tried to slide the paper impercepti bly beneath his fingers and palm.

The Senor lifted his head and sat erect, and the paper in the pawnbroker's hand disappeared.

"A sudden illness," he said. "I shall be better presently;" and rubbing his arms, he sank his chin upon his breast and gazed moodily at the counter.

He sat thus for a moment; no longer trembling, but still restless, as if in profound thought, or as a man that has received a stunning blow, and is trying to collect his senses, morbidly at once and since can recover him self.

"Fool," thought the pawnbroker, and he had stared at the written lines, "it is but the Lord's Prayer. Yet I always knew when I did think of the matter, that it was very strange that such a good rascal as Captain Sandoz Perez should have carried such a thing as a prayer about with him. Something must be written upon it," he said; and that was the meaning of the words, "Sydnax and Mercida." Sydnax was the blood-thirsty chief of the government on his trail. Perhaps he was afraid, and, suspecting a trap, had put the paper in four languages, as a supposed charm—a kind of talisman. But why did the sight of it so affect the Senor? He read not try to read it, but looked at it, and then turned pale, sank, and went trembling, and stared in the paper as if he were mad. Then he put it down before him as near to him! The paper is still mine. He can have it by saying for it. It is of no use to me. Pish! can it it even in all the languages of the earth—yes, for then it would be worth a great price as a curiosity. Oh," he added aloud, as the Senor arose, "you look better, Senor, I hope."

"Perfectly well, shopman."

Senor. "I am subject to such attacks. But I have had and you have won two thousand reals. But let me hear that story you were going to tell me of Sandoz Perez and the never discovered Senora Indora Raymundo."

"Diables! still harping on Sandoz Perez and Senora Indora Raymundo?" thought the shabby man.

"Certainly, noble Senor; and will you be seated? No? Well, here is a story," said the pawnbroker, who had resolved to skip over the Lord's Prayer into his desk.

He then told all that he knew of the arrest, trial and conviction of Sandoz Perez, which was not even as much as we have made known to the reader, for as yet none of the intelligence Senora Raymundo was concerned.

The pawnbroker, like all others, except Perez, Mercida and Isadora Raymundo—whom by-the-was—had no knowledge that the convicted slave dealer had received any letters from the Senora.

The Senor listened attentively, and asked a question now and then; but the shabby man continued to mutter to himself at every pause.

"Diables! the Senor does not deceive me. He has heard Sandoz Perez and Roy Gomara is telling him. He is plainly desirous of learning more than Gomara could tell him. Who is he? Some officer of Spain disguised, and trying to find the escaped convict Sandoz Perez. Of the latter also to find Senora Indora Raymundo's property.

"That is all, noble Senor," said Roy Gomara, as he ended his story with the remark, "And I bought, at the government sale of the confiscated property of Perez, the old African Voodoo doctor, Sydnax—that was the African's name—and with him that remarkable cane. That is all, noble Senor."

"And with the name Isadora Raymundo scratched on the cane of the black Voodoo doctor, shopman?" asked the Senor.

"Certainly, noble Senor, as appears in the paper."

"Oh, I asked of Sydnax about that, noble Senor, and he told his former master, the captain, did that."

CAPTAIN SANCHO PEREZ AND GOMARA THE PAWNBROKER.

The shabby man could not see what the Senor looked doing with the file; but the pawnbroker exclaimed:

"The Senor is sitting out the name Isadora Raymundo. Why does the Senor do that?"

"Malefactress (unmentionable)," muttered the shabby man. "Why does he do that?"

"The cane is mine, shopman."

"Certainly, noble Senor."

"And I have a right to file with it?"

"Certainly, noble Senor?"

"Then I will do so. Have you yet to ask why I do so, and that with a bit of paper that you haughtily, and casting the file from him.

"The Senor will not cast the file out of his hand as if the act were voluntarily done, but with a haughty yet blasé air of a piece of row that suddenly became red hot in his grasp.

The file clattered among the floor with the violence of sudden and vigorous laculation, as it struck the counter, and the Senor, with an air of amazed the shabby man, wounded him in the hand—the bone of which, as it broke, he threw from him.

"Diables!" roared the shabby man, clenching the wounded hand and shaking it in the air. But instantly he began to cough violently.

Gomara, pale and agitated, for he was very much afraid of the Senor, now that he had seen him in his right arm to and preparing to spring and shutting his hand as a man does when he has been cut or has received a shower of blood.

"The Senor of course can do as he pleases with the cane; but will the noble Senor tell me why he turned the file in that manner?"

"I do not know. A remarkable and inviolable fancy, shopman. Will you be seated?"

"Thanks, Senor."

"Suppose I say a hundred reals, noble Senor?"

The pawnbroker would gladly have sold it for eight reals, that is, a dollar, when the Senor had left the shop, but he would not take the price at a hundred reals.

"Suppose you say a thousand, shopman?" returned the Senor ironically.

"The noble Senor knows the cane is a very remarkable one. It has great memories associated with it. It is a curiosity, and worth a curiosity. Shall I say a hundred dollars, Senor, please? I have seen him do wonderful things with cane in his hands. Sometimes he would call curses!—terrify a mob of rebellious blacks by simply shaking it over his head, as if he had it in many years. He brought it from Africa when he was a young boy. Yes, Senor, and when Captain Perez captured him."

Diables! that is true," thought the shabby man.

"Sydnax was permitted by Perez to keep his cane, his accustomed fetish, when he was captured," continued the pawnbroker. "It had descended to him, he said, as an heirloom from many generations. It was fetish,' he said. He loved and prized it better than his freedom without it. Captain Perez gave him the authority to keep it, and he was grateful to his master. Indeed the captain had a thousand slaves for sale. He was a rich man, and he was a generous man to reward those of his slaves who gave faithful service. Sydnax, as he said, was the only one who ever knew the secret of the cane, and he was allowed to keep it. Of all the slaves who saw the act bowled terrified, and cried out, 'Sydnax is a wizard!' and he was given the cane by his master for many months, because of the great indignity that had been done to him and the cane. The cane was a kind of idol among the negroes. I thought Sydnax might be government and I am, as I said."

"Why did you buy him?"

"He replied Gomara, with a lift of his shoulders, "for his money."

"Yes, noble Senor. He made a good deal of money among the negroes, and traded in superstitions written also; especially from the cane. He sold them charms against sickness, shipwrecks and bad luck in general. He cured diseases by wonderful powers ascribed to the cane, for which he made a charge, high for his services. He gave me the cane for nothing."

"It was an old friend, Diables!" muttered the shabby man, with a mass of sorrow about the cane of so old an acquaintance.

"Here are six doubloons," said the Senor, laying the money upon the counter. "Will the cane is now mine."

"Certainly, Senor. The cane of the great African doctor Sydnax, who was a king in Africa, and a slave in Louisiana, and a wizard, as he pretended, shopman?"

"Have you a file, shopman?"

"A file? Oh—I have a file—the Senor sees it," replied the pawnbroker, taking a steel file from his desk and laying it upon the counter.

"Will you deem me wanty to do with a file?" thought both the pawnbroker and the shabby man.

The Senor took the file, and with a few strokes of it erased the name that Sandoz Perez had scratched on the cane after he had received the second letter—the letter given to him by Mercida just before he sailed with her in *The Deathless*. He had cut it on the cane with no particular reason.

The shabby man could not see what the Senor was doing with the file; but the pawnbroker exclaimed:

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alarm, you are a dead man, Gabriel Ben Joseph!"

The speaker was now leaning over the counter, with one hand on the collar of the terrified pawnbroker, and the other on the back of a large dirk, whose glittering blade was half concealed in a ragged sleeve.

"Now, don't cry out, you will be a dead man the second you are Captain Pero," replied the pawnbroker, trembling with the grasp of a man whom he had always feared.

"Yes, there will be a dead man," said Perez, speaking rapidly. "And if you betray me, you will perish by the cruelest death I can think of. Quick! Put up your shutters! Close and bar and lock your door! Do you hear me, I say?"

"I hear, I hear," said the Jew, with a look on the outside of the door. You and I have business together."

Gomaza obeyed in great haste. He knew the fierce character of the man he feared more than to dare to betray him. The threat too, that the daggers of the friends of the executed convict would avenge his betrayal, had no little weight in Gomaza's mind. The surprise, and the terror roused by the surprise at this most unexpected return of the outlaw to Havana, urged Gomaza to prompt obedience. He had had no time to think of anything, and he had had time to read that the man was Sancho Perez, beyond a doubt. He was the very counterfeit that he was for the moment, save the fact that he had called it.—Gabriel Ben Saul.

It was not until he was lighting a lamp to illumine the black darkness of the closed shop, that he remembered that he had not seen the face of the man who had thus suddenly mastered him.

"But I know it must be Sancho Perez," was his next thought. "No other man could have done both a deed; and I recognized the voice."

"Where you closed—by God, you are!—you vile, Gabriel," said Captain Perez, in a tone of fierce irony, as he saw the pawnbroker shudder. "Why shall he open?"

"Let me see your face," whispered back Gomaza. "I had rather be sure of it."

You will not know the man you used to know by the face that you see, Gabriel Perez. A million maledictions on the mines, and on Isadora Raymunda!"

"His old phrase," thought the pawnbroker, as his wicker began to open, and the dark, black scarf that hid his face, from the eyes to the chin.

"Sold!" said Perez, as he thrust his bared visage close to that of the Jew, who now saw in Sancho Perez his living image.

"Never!" replied Gomaza, recalling in terror. "Is this the work of the devil, or of a miracle?"

"It is the result of the plotting of the accursed and unknown leaders Raymunda!" whispered Perez, from time to time, with a look back as those of a full-blooded Estaing; and where he [illegible], he now [illegible] his lips holes; and behind the lips only four teeth. So he [illegible] knew that he was not to be safe to which those lips belonged was scared from a [illegible] and [illegible] was scared from a dreadful hurt. "I am the Count Perez. We are [illegible] the street."

Gomaza led the way to the room to which he usually slept—a small, dark room, with but one window. The window was without sash, and shuttered heavily without, when open, showed only a small yard surrounded by high stone walls. There was a narrow, dangerous-looking door, also heavily barricaded with the yard.

The room was more like a dungeon than a habitable apartment, yet it was the abode of one who had been for years the envy of the richest Jews in Havana, but this wealth had not been accumulated by the sale of second-hand clothes, and odds and ends of jewelry, into pawnbrokers' shops. The ostensible trade of Ely Gomaza was only one of the less ludicrous transactions with the lawless characters of the time and clime.

He placed the lamp on a table and sat down heavily upon a stool, as if quite sick. So he was, from fear of the reckless man before him, and consciousness of a part in a fiend that man was there to demand. He had had many fearful hours in the last few years of his career, as he had called it, because he had not known the fate of Sancho Perez, and the chief of a great band of outlaws and robbers.

"Now we will talk, Gomaza," said Captain Perez, as he drew a stool near the table and sat down. "You do not doubt that I am Sancho Perez?"

"Not at all," replied Gomaza, shuddering as he glanced at the hideous face. "I remember, of the face of Sancho Perez, as a man that has its young now; but the voice is the same, and the [illegible] of the [illegible] Perez of the Double-Jaw."

"Good! And what has become of the Double-Jaw?"

"Lost at sea, after I purchased her when she was old by the Spanish Government. The luck that used to be in her when you owned her, deserted her from the time that Captain Gomez stabbed your old partner Angelos Rio on her deck."

"Diablos!" exclaimed Perez, with a start, and a fierce glance over his shoulder. "Does that door open upon your museum of rags and old clothes? Answer me, or I will put my dirk in there!" he added in a low tone. "Close that door!" he cried out again, as Gomaza was slow in getting up.

Perez sprang to his feet as he spoke, all in a shiver suddenly; for, as he spoke, a quick glance over his shoulder through the open door-way into the black space of the shop, some of the old garments on which the rays of the parlor lamp fell faintly, as the air beyond hung on their pegs, took shape and fell into the [illegible] of a man. He was so terrified for the instant that he had seen the ghost of Angelos Rio.

"Shut! Will!" he gasped, as he seized the arm of the surprised pawnbroker, who was hurrying now to close the door, as Perez commanded. Diablos! let me stare the thing down, or I always do, or I shall be afraid of it. Why do I see it now? War now?"

"What, Captain? There is nothing where you are staring so wildly—"

"Nothing! I am afraid of fading! See! it—not it stands in his very garb!" whispered Perez tremulously, and with increasing excitement in the gloom.

"Nothing, nothing there, Captain, except old clothes—rags, and old boots, cloaks, mantles, and the like," said Gomaza soothingly, but hastily studying the ghostly appearance of the slave dealer.

"Nothing there? Whose pawned or castoff rags are there?" demanded Perez, still standing the arm of the pawnbroker in his one hand, while with a finger of the other he pointed toward the terrible array of old garments.

"As I can I remember that Captain Pero" replied Gomaza with a shrug of his shoulders, "I received them from his and that one. But I remember now that you are dead, Captain."

"Diablos! What!"

"The clothes that were on the body of Angelos Rio."

"Hold! Imp, you—will be struck dead!" cried Perez, suddenly holding open the pawnbroker, and striking him a blow with the single blow.

The effect was instantly on the breast of the prostrate man, and brandishing a dirk over him.

"Yes! I am going to kill you, if you dare lied to mock me. Up, man! and answer me that there is even a drawer where you said those clothes."

"There is, Captain, I swear it!"

"Then go! Take the lamp, and show it to me. No, let the lamp remain. Go you and bring the drawer here—to me. No desist, Gomaza." And as Perez spoke, he drew a pistol, cocked it, and held it aimed steadily at the pawnbroker, as the latter went to that once of suspended garments toward which the gravid pointed.

Thrusting those soiled and faded relics of silver aside, Gomaza drew forth a drawer of the tier of shelves, and brought it quickly to the table, on which he placed it.

There was a bundle of clothes in the drawer, tied with rope-yarn.

"Open that bundle, Gomaza," said Perez, reseating a chair, and pointing at the bundle. "Let us see what it is made of."

It is made of nothing but the clothes that were taken from the dead body of your old partner, Captain Pero," replied the pawnbroker, as with a rapid and practised hand he opened the bundle, and began to display the [illegible] of which it was composed, as if quite unconscious of the fact that it recognized them.

"These must be something supernatural in it," muttered Perez, sitting down at the table and laying his head upon his hand, and not heeding the low tone of the pawnbroker, for he had recognized at a glance the garb worn by Angelos Rio when he was murdered. "There must be something supernatural in it," he repeated, to his own mind. The surprise, and the terror roused by the surprise at this most unexpected return of the outlaw to Havana, urged Gomaza to prompt obedience. He had had no time to think of anything, and he had had time to read that the man was Sancho Perez, beyond a doubt. He was the very counterfeit that he was for the moment, save the fact that he had called it.—Gabriel Ben Saul.

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MAN'S SUPREME RIGHT.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

There is a Right that when possessed
Through all the centuries is blessed;
Came to the Pure its mountain-view;
It is real, limitless sleep
Endows by impulse of heavenly;
Is the Right of Conscience to be free,
It breathed the very life of life,
Through Human Progress flowing.

And if a follower would be
To that Pure in true splendor,
The Present never should the Right
Nor any for surrender.
Not for the Present nor Future gain,
But keep it Sunday Eyes
And see beneath its sun feel
Its God as first-day.

That Right is God's eternal gift
To Man, and from Him used His power,
And therefore is every Human Heart
The shrine to serve Him
Whose every thought is God's
Of Grandeur and with Beauty;
And every act pure love inclose—
The Right to Be Our Duty.

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF THE "DEN. QUENTIN," THE "WHITE ROSE OF MISSISSIPPI," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

HESTER MAKES AN AVOWAL.

It was late that night before Hester slept, for her heart-strings had been in a state of estrangement. She had thought it safer to fortify her position by confessing to Mrs. Spencer what she had so lately learned herself, and she felt sure she could rely upon the old lady's sense of propriety not to hint to others the unfortunate fact that Mr. Oliver was not her father.

Then she sank into a deep sleep, from which she was safe in her hands, and she had won a strong champion by the confidence that was given. With this conviction, sleep came to her weary eyelids, and she awoke refreshed sweetly as if no thought of wrong had ever polluted her guilty mind. There was no use in doing now what had been done, and Hester felt that the best thing for her to do was to ready to look it in the dark for the wealth and luxuries she claimed.

She awoke early hour on the following morning, feeling perfectly refreshed, and ready for the day that was just dawning forth. She renewed the bandage from her head, and found that the wound was not so painful as it had been, and, dressed with satisfaction at the improvement in her appearance.

In the course of a few moments after Hester was carefully trimmed with embroidery, and one of the articles selected after much study from it the knots of pink, ribbon with which she had been fastened. Her toilet being completed, she threw over all the black lace shawl of her mother, and, with a last look at her face in the long glass, she thought:

"I am sure I am as high-spirited as any lady who is proud for her beauty and birth, and was strikingly beautiful before the open window; awaiting a summons to breakfast.

When Martha came to assist her in dressing, she was surprised to find her so early, and that her bed remained undisturbed, and was sitting tranquilly beside the open window; awaiting a summons to breakfast.

"Dear me, Miss Landry, if I had had any idea that you were ready to get up so early, I'd have been on hand to help you dress. I came to see if you wanted me to help you with your hair, and I thought you would not be likely to wake for more than an hour."

"I wanted to be alone a few moments after you left, Martha, for it is now nine, and I have been up for an hour. I did not need assistance in dressing, for my maid has taught me how to arrange my hair myself, and I have had my own brushes and combs."

"No, Miss Mrs. Spencer is an old lady, you know, and she doesn't get up early. Mr. Harry had his breakfast three hours ago, and that's the time that he always dines with Mrs. Spencer."

"Dear me, Miss Landry, if I had any idea that you were ready to get up so early, I'd have been on hand to help you dress. I came to see if you wanted me to help you with your hair, and I thought you would not be likely to wake for more than an hour."

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"No, Miss Mrs. Spencer is an old lady, you know, and she doesn't get up early. Mr. Harry had his breakfast three hours ago, and that's the time that he always dines with Mrs. Spencer. He goes to the office at nine."

Thought Hester, and paper from the pocket of her apron, and on opening it Hester found these lines:

"DEAR HESTER: Guardian has told you of the change in our affairs. Mrs. Harry Spencer and I are off on our voyage on the *Southerner*; I shall be back in a month, and will then see you and have a talk with you. Verbal instructions are a personal friend of mine, and he will do all that is in his power to serve you.

"I send you a pair of scissors, and I have ordered Selgin to have the carriage at the door at least two hours before the usual time that your father's cousins have been conveyed. I have arranged with Mrs. Spencer that you should not be left to yourself, for I kindly consider myself charged you would wish to join in some of the pleasures of the season. Therefore, I have made necessary out rooms with you and Harriet will be with you. Hoping that you are well, and that you will receive this, you will oblige me by so doing.

"Believe that I am yours to command in all matters where I can be of use. Remember me to your widow to your two daughters.

"RESPECTFULLY SIGNED."

When Hester had read this through carefully, she said to the girl:

"Let Mr. Spencer know that I am quite well this morning, and ready for breakfast. Tell the driver to go out with me. I suppose she is up by this time."

"Yes, Miss, she is dressed too. I'll let her know, and you see whether you will hear the breakfast bell ring."

The door closed on her, and Hester threw herself on a large chair, with rather a mocky expression on her face. She was evidently nettled.

"I don't help myself, I suppose. I must go to that hideous table and affect to be overwhelmed with affliction, or I shall be thought a heartless creature. I feel as if I was my father, but I never had anything from him, but money. He gave me up to my mother, and devoted himself to his younger children. I don't feel as if I could go to the country to-day, and I must be discourse. I suppose I shall be expected to wear a horrid plaid, and I shall weep some real tears for him, but I shall't regret what I have done. I don't know how for a single moment to be serious come over me. I am not silly enough to mar the happiness of my future by such nonsense as that."

Her reflections were interrupted by the tinkle of the breakfast bell, and she opened the door of her chamber to find Mrs. Spencer waiting the result to go down.

"Good-morning. You look like quite a different person to-day, Miss Landry. The change is really wonderful."

"Good-morning, aunt. I thought we were to be Harriet and Estelle to each other, you know, and I hope that you will call me Hester, for, and I have called you Aunt Spencer, although I am not related to you."

"Excuse me, Estelle; I forgot our compact, and, only natural, out of the memory of my infirmity we met. Mrs. Spencer is waiting for us, and she will be quite charmed to see how my words a most mightily rest has restored you."

Mrs. Spencer, in a somber black dress, put on for the day, by the change of mourning, and kissed her with an expression of tender affection, and said graciously:

"My dear, you look charmingly; but was it quite right to bind the bandage from your head?"

It was all nonsense putting it on," said Hester, with a bright smile, "Dr. Marsh declared that my head was injured, but I think he was mistaken. I am perfectly well, and it is comforting to know that my poor head, but yesday all soreness left me. I shall wear it no hair without any pain. I suppose, however, that I must accentuate my speedy cure to the magical effects of the tonics he gave me to drink."

"Some magic must have been used, indeed, for you are looking as bright and well as if nothing had happened to you. Your beautiful color has all come back, and now you look like the picture Raymond showed me."

Since Ray showed me to you, I will show him to my grandame," she answered, and, as she drew from her bosom the miniature which had once been the invisible possession of her mother.

Mrs. Spencer looked at the handsome face, and said:

"It is an excellent likeness, but I saw it before in your pocket-book, your handsome Estelle. It was painted by a Boston artist, and Raymond admired it much. How do you like it?"

"I was much pleased with it, indeed, aunt. I think it shade and expression are very good. I value the dear face it imbues a thousand times more than the case around it, and I thank you that you thought enough of me to exercise your taste in my behalf."

"I have been to the country to spend breakfast, and Hester ate with appetite, talking at times to Mrs. Spencer, and at times, that Mr. Oliver began to think that Raymond's replacement of her was after all not so partial as he had supposed.

When they arose from the table, her manner suddenly changed, and she said softly:

"I am afraid you think me frivolous, and almost unfeeling, but I am such a creature of impulse that I am always doing something that I am sorry for. I am sorry for my father, I assure you. I have been so unspeakably wretched that, now the reaction has come, I am afraid myself for a moment for fear I should be guilty that too before me to-day. I do not know how long I could speak of my father as I have been doing, nor how I could smile at all, but I shall be thankful for kindness that I have received, and I shall be kindest heart nor to wear tears of sorrow for my father. I shall ever bear these things in mind."

"Those who feel deeply do not talk in such way as that," thought Mrs. Oliver. "I do wish I could see her cry, and then I should be sure that she was not acting outstanding her, in spite of her fine sentiments. I am afraid that I have been too hasty in my judgment of her, and that Raymond will be displeased with me for it."

Mrs. Spencer, however, was of a very different opinion, and she was very much pleased with Hester's manner, and thought that she had made Raymond do whatever she wishes, and that nothing would be left for him to do but sit up in judgment upon her. I'll take her for a drive myself, and will have a long talk with her."

With this resolution, Marion added a few words to the tender letter that she had written for her prospected her to return to reply to Raymond's communication, and then she sent for her room to aid her in changing her morning dress for the ride that was to follow. Every little was said between them, for Hester was thinking of her father, of her mother's daughter, and Mrs. Spencer of Mrs. Oliver and Raymond. Mrs. Oliver believed her great-grandchild to be perfectly sufficient to say.

"Marion, dear, I hope you will exercise your best taste in selecting my mourning. Hereafter I shall wear black, for I am sure that I was fond of my husband, I am sure that I was fond to your husband, and I am sure that I am most stylish dressed in black. It does not become me to see the best, and—and my complexion is improved by the dark reflection of my appearance. Southern people are less particular than we are, and I shall be content with a simple dress, and, as I said, if the fabric is black, it does not matter what it is made of. I don't care for silks and satins, and I like a dress, with any quantity of crape on it, to any white I had. Mrs. Spencer, I suppose, must not be as thoughtless. But you understand me, and I am sure that you will not allow me to be made ridiculous."

This address was in the question of personal adornment surprised Mrs. Oliver after what had gone before, and she answered quickly:

"I think I understand your wishes, and I will endeavor to carry them out. I hope that I shall overcome the bitterness in climate, and make my purchases to-day."

"Thank you, dear, and—and I think I'll bring me several jet-and-black jewelry, in difficult style, that I may wear on dress days. You shall see wear it just as first, you know, but I shall never wear them when we go home."

"I am glad to hear you say that, and I am thing your fear based upon the fact that you and Goodrich is back for dear Hester's sake, keep on bread the latest and most elegant style of mourning. Natural affection is perhaps you had better select from their stock. I am sure that the specimens I saw were in good taste."

"Well,—that is a good suggestion; but you are going to the city, and you can get me something here that will suit me, and I should like, at any rate, to look at them."

Of course I will bring them then. I will run now and get my hat and shawl, and be ready soon."

She arranged her toilet for the street, and then went down to the parlor, in which already refreshed against its cushioned luxuriance. Hester was not present, but she did not long keep her waiting.

Herbert came back at the appointed time, and Hester appeared in the hall at the door of her chamber. There Reggie joined, with apparent alacrity, and Mrs. Oliver was very cheerful, for Hester was not present. She did weep a few sad tears for her father, and the little she ate was prepared by Landry was her father, and the little she ate was prepared by Landry was her father, and the little she ate was prepared by Landry was

MY KEYS.

BY ESMEE LYNN.

"These are keys, you say,
Can you patois outspread?
This, an antique key!
Hmm, a pony dead;

"This, a sleeve of silk,
Matching tresses brown-hair;
This, a locket key,
With a pagoed lore;

"This, a bottled note,
That, a baby's socks!
Pray, what cabinet
Can these keys unlock?"

"They are notebooks all—
Ah! they are, my sage!
Not a stack of deed,
As I gather these.

"But I guard them well,
Cannot lose a single,
Cannot misplace,
With successful skill.

"There 's a chamber dim,
With an inner shrine,
Where I enter in
With these keys of mine;

"Where I call at will
Shadows, dim may be
Of the past, or else
Of each little day.

"See, the closet 's full
It 's now bulging down,
And the hair to match
Covers me some caress.

"For the photograph—
Well, we let that rest;
It is torn, you see—
Tattered long ago.

"And the poor dead,
Who in their portraiture,
Haunting me,
Ink quiet tones,

"But the baby's curl
Opens with a deer,
Where I wait sometimes
When the day is o'er;

"For the tiny shoe
Throws a bar across,
Where I sit and rest,
To the baby land.

THE BLONDE WHISKERS.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"Sitting up, Em? What is the matter? Anyone come? Cry-ing! Why, what's the matter? Anything happened?"

"Nothing happened!" Oh, George, it's bad, bad, bad out of clock. Yesterday it was twelve; and no, yes, two o'clock. Thursday—"

"Time does fly," said George. "How late I used to stay with you in courting times, eh? Remember, Emmy?"

"Remember!" repeated Mrs. Harkaway. "Oh, I never thought then that it would come to this!"

"I did not know you had such a temper then, Emmy," said George. "Child! that you could scold. What have I done? What has it come to?"

"In my unending my time alone, for the most part," said Mrs. Harkaway. "Not a year married, and day after day, evening after evening, here I sit and mope. You are shock-ing, George!"

"Oh, Emmy," said George lazily, lighting a cigar, "you 're not going to scold me, are you?"

"Very right! Oh, George Harkaway!" said Mrs. Harkaway, with a hysterical sob, and the tears flowed, and I am sorry to say, banged the door after her.

"O dear!" said the poor little woman to herself, as she stood alone in the next room. "I wish we could have believed that she didn't care anything about me! He made love to me, I 'm sure, and he married me, and now he doesn't care. He sat with his arm about my waist when evenings. He called me an angel, and said he 'd lay down his life for me; and now—Oh, I wish I was dead!"

And this not because her spouse had actually done anything cruel, or that she suspected him of any infidelity, but because he had behaved just as more than once or twice before he had done before to the little girl bride.

He takes her from pen and mopping brothers and sisters—from the thousand and one pleasant flirtations—from the friendships, plastoric or otherwise, which she has perfect freedom to enjoy. He makes love for a month or two, wishes her away on a wedding journey, and then settles down to domestic life. How she is to make herself in her proper room at a boarding-house, or her apartments, or those of a hotel corridor, he never seems to think. He forgets, or perhaps remembers too well, that she can properly have no other sense—that she cannot even receive calls from gentlemen as she used—and then he remembers that she mopes and frets.

Now, a lager with a bachelor friend at the theatre, without the necessity of dressing as when in lady's company, with the same companion than taking certain scenes, also in bachelor society—these fill an George's non-business hours, and half the Emmy solos. He had never spoken a cross word to her. He always kissed her when he came in, he cared not a sou for any other woman, he was fond of her, he was proud of her ladies. "You know how it is yourselves."

Emmy pouted over her breakfast next morning, and grew so pensive over the solitary parting visits. Indeed she was so chilling that he felt incommodated, and resolved to surprise her by coming home to lunch, and he did so, and found her in tears, and was sorry, and then they had what Emmy called a nice, old-fashioned time. And this old-fashioned time was but an oasis in the desert. The dull hours returned, the wife was a stranger, at a great hotel. She was shy and timid, and instead of going out, to walk in her new bonnet, she staid at home and looked out of the dull hotel window. Sometimes the street views were of rather ladies sitting at other windows, and she would look at them, and they at she sat at hers. George groaned and held rang. Waiters and chamber-maids rushed across the bit of pavement at the back, and what looked to Emmy like a stone wall. Out by the hall, people were always passing her door. Down in the parlor, the pleasant and comprehensive stare which the ladies and gentlemen bestow upon strangers of their own sex, was unendurable.

One poor little sparrow, a city bird, afraid of nothing, sometimes came down from the eaves and perched upon her window-sill. It was a great comfort to Emmy to feed it with bread crumbs. But one day the actually did go out and buy a geranium in a pot, bringing it home in her own hands; but, trying to make the pretty plant flower again in that cruel place, it died, and Emmy cried over it, and hoping it with her beloved bird, when she heard a whistle—a long low whistle—from a window just above her. She looked up, with a start. A gentleman in a linen travelling coat was leaning out of the upper window, and as she caught sight of him he checks flushed, and she grew pale, and pleased, and then drew the head in; she did the same. Then she heard the window above her opened, and then a new sash, settled her sash, and went back to the window.

In ten minutes a waiter knocked at the door, and handed her a little note.

"Emmy," said George, as he suddenly turned from the looking-glass about something after this, "what are you looking at?"

"Nothing," said her cousin, as she blushed Emmy, and looking at him.

George gave her a suspicious glance, and crossed the room.

"Impertinent rascal!" he said. "I'll swear he was staring into this room."

"O no, he wasn't, George," said Emmy.

"You mean to say I was staring?"

"Nonsense!" said Emmy.

George shut down the window.

"Hotel men are always insolent," he said. "A fast lot, generally. You won't look out of that window so much, child."

"Ah, master, I!" said Mrs. Harkaway.

"Em," said George.

He was not stern with her, but positive, as a father might have been with a child.

Emmy meant no harm, but she was not cautious enough. However, when he came home earlier than usual to dinner, there was his wife at the window again.

"Emmy," said Mr. George, "that fellow with the light moustache at his top?"

"I 'm astonished, George," said George. "One would think you a child."

"I don't feel like one," said Emmy. "I will, I do. George, you 're right, even you, George!"

George looked at his wife.

It seems as though she wanted me to go," he thought.

So he spoke he had not staid at home with her when he saw that the putting on of his hat and coat displeased her, but he felt vexed now—hurt and indignant even, but he felt sorry.

"I think not," he answered.

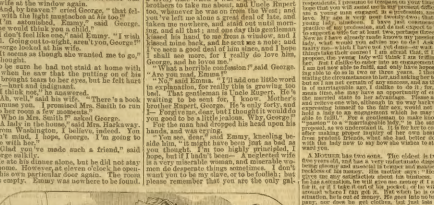
"Ah, well," said his wife. "There 's a book to amuse you. I promised Mrs. Smith to run into her room a few moments."

"Who is Mrs. Smith?" asked George.

"A lady in the next room," said Mrs. Harkaway. "From Washington, I believe, indeed. You don't mind, I hope, George. I 'm going to dine with her."

"Why, we made such a friend," said George smiling.

He ate his dinner alone, but he did not stay at home. However, at seven o'clock he opened his own particular door again. The room was empty. Emmy was nowhere to be found.



Nor was it until half an hour had passed that Emmy, flushed and excited, came back to her very friend, and evidently in high spirits.

"Where have you been, Emmy?" said George, frowning, and Mrs. Harkaway.

"Oh, she 's a good Emmy. I've enjoyed myself so much."

Mr. Harkaway made no further remark. But now, when Emmy seated in his lap, and he took to watching Emmy. She was perpetually looking out of the window, and he suspected. His temper began to rise in the course of the evening. She had fresh bouquets on her dressing-table every day. He met the gentleman with whiskers near his door, as though just leaving it, more than once.

He found a man's glove on his floor one morning.

A waiter knocked one Sunday morning and brought a note. It was from the lady next door, Mrs. Smith, and when she saw him she was conscious. Poor George was growing jealous. He thought a variety of hard things about his wife at home a great deal. At last he came to the decision that he was not the victim of his imagination, that there was really something wrong on foot, and he set to work to find out what it was.

"George," said Emmy one evening, "I 'm going to call on Mrs. Smith."

"Very well," said George.

"Indeed," said Emmy, "I may be quite late; so don't worry."

"O no," said George, but he watched Emmy narrowly, and saw that she also slipped out at the door. He saw her enter the room of the bonnet and his spoon clock, two things in which he had no interest, and he left his lady friends in some haste, and waited and groaned in spirit.

"Good heavens! can Emmy really be deceiving me?" he said. "I'll make sure of the truth to-night. I'll be in early to dinner. I'll follow her."

He was in court but and put it on; he turned his overcoat in case it should be noticed. At the first landing-place he paused and peered over. Lady in a bonnet, and the white opera cloak was just taking the arm of a tall gentleman in flowered dress.

The enraged husband felt inclined to pounce upon the pair there and then, but somehow thought silence his impulse. To follow them was his duty. He did so, and saw them enter a hackney-coach, and he followed in another. There, slipped out into a cross street, to a thousand Emmy reasons, and George, the stranger's arm.

Maddened with horrid in George's heart, but by restrained himself, and crept after them. They went down a street, and then into a by-before followed. He sat only a few seconds in the hackney-coach, and then he, too, got out. They were very quiet now, and walked slowly. They were very familiar; he had never seen his Emmy so happy and so much amongst friend.

"Oh! good Heavens! Why did I leave her so much alone in a strange hotel?" thought George. Here 's a pretty end to my love-match. I should not have done. Now it is too late. I must see it out. I 'll be a spy upon my own wife. I 'll be a wretch, a villain, a miserable wretch. I 'm very weak and wicked, but it is partly my fault."

He could have wept with anguish. That dear, lively little girl, so pretty, really, had been a five-year play for all to know. The hackney-coach stopped at last at the door of a certain hotel, and Emmy and her friend alighted, and he felt as Sir Van Winkle did after the dwarfs had vanished. He seemed gone; life a different thing; and the being who was Emmy, in the upper window where was she? This that counterfeited her person? Was she a fairy, a phantom?

He would see all; he would know the worst. He would be a spy, a villain, a wretch, and he reached them through a window, drew aside and nibbled cake in a fashionable saloon. Where could they go? Straight to a hotel, hotel, it seemed. At its door he stopped between them.

"You shall answer for this!" he whispered, looking from one to the other, and then to the man, whoever you are. This is my wife, sir."

"Mr. Harkaway, I presume?" said the tall young man. If you want to see me, I 'm at number twenty-four," and was gone on the instant.

George had some enough left to bury Emmy up in her own room before he said another word.

"You," he said, as he shut the door with a click, "now, Madame!"

"Yes, George," said Emmy.

"Explain," said George.

"Well, I 've been to the theatre with a nice friend of mine, George," said Emmy. "I 've had some cream, and I 've enjoyed myself. Is it a crime?"

"Mrs. Harkaway," said George, "this is serious business. How long have you known that man?"

"Well, George," said Emma, "you see, I had a—No, said Emmy, as it was the first time brothers to take me about, and Uncle Rupert was away, and so was Mr. Smith—Mr. Wyatt, you 've left me alone a great deal of late, and I 'm afraid I 've been rather dull. So I met Mr. Wyatt, and all that; and one day for this gentleman to call, and he has been a window, and I asked him back, and he sent me a note; and we 've seen a good deal of him since, and I have had a very nice time, and I 'm very sorry, George, and he loves me."

"Is she perfectly confession?" said George.

"Are you mad, Emmy?"

"Yes, I am, George. I 'll add one little word by explanation for myself to this evening's history. Mr. Wyatt knows Uncle Rupert. He 's Uncle Rupert. He 's only forty, and he 's very handsome, George, but I thought it would do you good to be a little jealous. Way, George?"

For the man had dropped his head upon his hands, and was crying.

"You see, dear," said Emmy, kneeling beside him, "it might have been bad to be so happy, but I 'll be very, very, very prudent, I promise, but I 'll don't I beseech. A neglected wife is a very miserable woman, and miserable women do desperate things sometimes. I don't want you to be my slave, or to be foolish; but please remember that you are the only gal-

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. L. B. (Eaton Rouge, La.) says: "Having been a reader of your estimable paper for a number of years, I have noticed that you have been very kind to those who have written to you for information, and I hope you will extend me the same favor. My age is very good, and my health is excellent. I am a young man of twenty-two years, and am considered by those who know me as being quite handsome, and am very fond of the society of the fair sex, perhaps these years. I am a member of the Methodist Church, and have been for a year or more. I am not a member of the Masonic fraternity nor—which I have not yet done—as I am not of age, but I intend to be one of the first to join the order when I am twenty-one years old. Now, dear Ledger, what do you say? Am I eligible to enter into an engagement which will result in matrimony? Please answer, and inform me what you think of the matter. I am very much interested in the question, and am anxious to be married. I am very much in love with a young lady, and she is also with me, although in no way backward in showing her affection for me. I have been told by a lady acquaintance that an engagement would be most agreeable to her. I am a gentleman, and would not like to trifle with her affections, as I understand it. I have no complaint to make against Miss ——, but I am somewhat afraid that she is too young. I am twenty-two and she is only seventeen years old, and probably good looking. I am a young man of good habits, and have been raised with a beautiful system of religious education, and I would not have my feelings hurt by disgrace. The lady is a member of the Methodist Church, and I am sure that she would not wish me to become a member of any secret society, and, sometimes she seems to think that I am not very religious, although I am not. I have been courting a long time, and I have her. She has also been courting me, and I have her. She has been courted, and I have her. I believe that I have told you more anything there for me than to a friend of mine, and I am sure that you will not betray me. I am a young man of good habits, and have been raised with a beautiful system of religious education, and I would not have my feelings hurt by disgrace. The lady is a member of the Methodist Church, and I am sure that she would not wish me to become a member of any secret society, and, sometimes she seems to think that I am not very religious, although I am not. I have been courting a long time, and I have her. She has also been courted